THINK SAFETY AND WORK SAFELY AT ALL TIMES!

The Textorian

ACCIDENTS SLOW PRODUCTION! DON'T LET THEM HAPPEN!

VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 29 | GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1943 | FOUR PAGES TODAY

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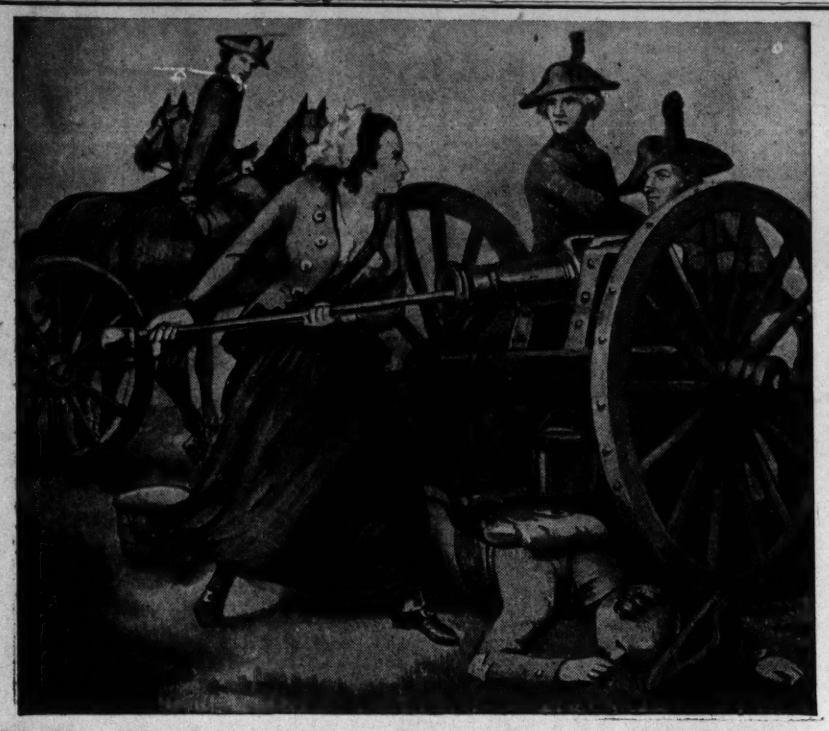

Molly Pitcher Steps From Pages Of History

Washington, D. C., July 30—On August 4th, Molly Pitcher steps out of the pages of American history to serve as leading lady in a nation-wide Bond and Stamp Tag Day.

The gal who carried water to thirsty soldiers during the blistering Revolutionary battle of Monmouth (New Jersey), and took over her husband's cannon when he was wounded, has long been a symbol of the heroism of American women.

In her honor, brigades of modern Molly Pitchers will take their stands on Molly Pitcher Tag Day, at street corners, building entrances and in ublic places to sell the Bonds and mps that back up our fighting men. accommodate shoppers in rural areas, Saturday, August 7, will be the day.

To turn back the history pages. "Molly" was born Mary Ludwig, on a farm near Trenton, New Jersey in 1754. She was married to John Hays about the time of the Revolution, and moved to Carlisle, Pa.

In Revolutionary days it was not unusual for wives to accompany their soldier husbands to battle. They washed, mended, cooked, and cared for the wounded. So Molly went to war with John.

During the Battle at Monmouth Court House, she carried water to the men, all day and into the night. The men calling "Molly! Pitcher!" gave her the name by which she is known to history.

On one of her trips from the well, Molly saw her husband fall at his cannon. She promptly took his place, and fired shot after shot until the battle was won.

For her heroism Molly Pitcher was made the first woman Sergeant in the Army by General Washington. In words of an old Revolutionary rhyme:

"Moll Pitcher she stood by her gun
And rammed the charges home, sir:
And thus on Monmouth's bloody field
A sergeant did become, sir."

That's the spirit behind the red-white-and-blue Molly Pitcher tags you will be asked to wear on August 4—behind the water pitchers waiting to receive the proceeds of purchases of Bonds and Stamps.

Letter From Mr. Herman Cone To Employees Of Cone Mills In Greensboro

TO OUR EMPLOYEES:

Since there has been some confusion and misunderstanding about the rules which have been recently given out to our employees. I would like to state that these mills have always had rules, just as all organizations have had, and that from time to time it has been necessary for us to change our rules in order to meet changing conditions.

The term "rules" is probably misleading. What we have intended to do is to clear up confusion as to the company's policies governing working conditions.

The rules which were recently distributed were formulated in order to enable us to measure up as fully as possible to our mutual responsibilities in the prosecution of the war and so that we can be sure that all of our employees will be treated alike.

The rules were distributed so that each of our employees could be familiar with them. Our foremen, superintendents and management will discuss and explain the rules to any of our employees who do not understand them.

We feel that our rules and policies are fair and just. However, we are willing, as we always have been, to discuss them with our employees.

Very truly yours,

Herman Cone, President,
Proximity Manufacturing Company
Revolution Cotton Mills.

General Marshall Warns People Against Optimism

Temptation To Ease Up After Initial And Minor Successes Must Be Resisted Especially At This Time, Instead Our Efforts Must Be Increased

"Two things we must guard against," said General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, recently before theGovernors' Conference at Columbus, Ohio.

"There must be no divisions among the Allies!

"There must be no let-up in our preparations!

"The failure today to surge forward with every ounce of power and effort we possess would be to write a tragic page for history. The temptation to ease up after initial and relatively minor successes seems difficult to resist. The Axis nations probably count on this as a weak element of allied psychology. Their opinion has been contemptuous of our soft way of living, of our toughness and our military stamina . . .

"We are just getting well started. The great battles lie ahead. We have yet to be proven in the agony of enduring heavy casualties, as well as the reverses which are inevitable in war. What we need now is a stoic determination to do everything in our power to overwhelm the enemy, cost what it may, to reduce him to a supplicant under the impact of aroused and determined democracies.

"The most forbidding prospect with which we can not confront the enemy is the continuation in full measure of methodical, ruthless preparations to overwhelm them in the same manner that the Army of von Arnim was eliminated in Tunisia. The Allies have unified their military effort. We must all do the same at home."

Proximity Community Club Has Picnic

The Proximity Community Club combined fun with business on Tuesday evening when they met at the bungalow for the regular monthly meeting. The President, Mrs. J. D. Scott, issued an invitation from the Revolution Community club to meet with them next Friday evening. All those going are asked to meet at the Proximity bungalow at 7:15 Friday where cars will be to take them to Revolution.

Miss Richards announced that the pressure canner, purchased by the club has come and will be available next week. She asked that those who wish to us eit let her know as far ahead as possible. When it is not being used by members of the club others may use it.

Prox. Baby Clinic

Mary Catherine Sloan was a new member at the Proximity Baby Clinic on Wednesday afternoon. Members present were: Lavern Medley, William Howard Robertson, David Edward Blum, Homer Franklin Mounce, Jr., Harry Lee Brezeale, Mary Ann Pegram, Barry Lemons, Karen Lemons, Ronald Lee Fisher, Lynda Kay Wilson, and Larry Wayne Scruggs.

Larry Brezeale was a special guest at the Clinic.

Washington Snapshots by James Preston

After nineteen months of war, directors of the war production program are taking stock of the nation's potential resources. Some preliminary conclusions have been reached and while these do not indicate some expected sensational shifts they promise a steadying and gradual ebb and flow of emphasis to meet essential needs—military or civilian.

The presence of overwhelming supplies at world battlefronts, these officials point out, proves that there is no longer any argument about the fact that industry has successfully met and surpassed the war challenge.

While the lid is being raised gradually to take care of the more pronounced demand for civilian goods, there will be no general breakdown of restrictions. Modest amounts of materials and labor are going to be released for the home front but the increase will be small and hardly obvious from day to day.

Farmers and food processors appear to be getting the edge in this reallocation. New orders and revisions that permit the making of more of such things as knives, tools, batteries, and shears—that were thrust aside early in the war effort—are in evidence.

Opposing any resumption of civilian production the armed services contend that every scrap of material and every available man and woman are needed for combat or war production. War production officials however, who have found the military and naval appetites insatiable have been wringing from them a considerable amount of water and a modest "kitty" of materials and labor is thus being provided for essential civilian output.

Congress, a close observer of this military-civilian competition has set up four committees which have been described as "watchdogs of the civilian economy." These are the Senate War Investigating Committee, the Senate Military Affairs Subcommittee, and the Senate and House Small Business Committees.

Supercharged political atmosphere was cleared somewhat by the personality developments in the OPA and in the field of international economic warfare. The resignation of OPA Deputy Administrator Lou R. Maxon was said to be the result of "young lawyers" so binding up OPA in legalistic red tape "that Houdini himself couldn't untangle it." He prescribed a "drastic reorganization, a strong, clear direction, and a liberal transfusion of common horse sense" for the Office of Price Administration.

Amused at Mr. Maxon's outspoken indictment, many Congressmen commented that what he said was what many of them have been saying for some time, namely that there are elements in the administration working day and night to combine social revolution with fighting the war, and that when a choice between the two activities was necessary, the social revolution received first call.

Overseas Christmas Packages May Be Sent During Sept. 15-Oct. 15

Information Given As To Mailing Of Packages To Servicemen Now Overseas

Christmas packages may be mailed to American Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine servicemen without presentation of a request from September 15 to October 15. Packages will be accepted for mailing only within the present limitations of weight and size—five pounds in weight, fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in length and girth combined, and should bear the indorsement "Christmas Gift Parcel".

Perishable articles will not be accepted for mailing, and every effort will be made to discourage mailing of fragile articles. Only one package will be accepted for mailing by or on behalf of the same person or concern to or for the same addressee during any one week.

For the purposes of Christmas mail, the term "Overseas" personnel means men who receive their mail through a Fleet Post Office, or with an APO number through the Postmaster, at San Francisco, Calif., New York, N. Y., or Seattle, Wash., and several other designated cities. Letters and parcels should contain in address:

ARMY—Name, rank and serial number—Capt. John Doe, 0468777
Company, Battalion, regiment — 67th Armored Field Artillery Battalion
Army Post Office number — A. P. O. 126
Postmaster — % Postmaster, New York City

NAVY, COAST GUARD, MARINE
Name, rank or rating—John Doe, MMIC (Machinists Mate 1st Class)
Naval unit or ship—USS Benham
Post Office — % Fleet Post Office San Francisco, Calif.

Senders are cautioned that delays caused by the necessity for censorship will be minimized if the wrapping is secured so as to permit easy inspection of contents. All articles should be packed in metal, wooden or solid fiberboard or strong fully telescoping cardboard boxes. Parcles should not include any weapons, perishables, intoxicants, poisons or inflammable articles such as matches or lighter fluid and in general the public is urged not to send food or clothing.

Only through the whole-hearted cooperation of the mailing public in complying with these mailing rules and dates will it be possible to deliver on time the tremendous volume of Christmas mail to American servicemen overseas which is expected this year.

Red Cross Dressings Room Makes Quoto

Those loyal workers from Proximity and Print Works who have given so generously of their time and labor have good reason to be proud of the results at the Proximity Red Cross Dressings room for they not only made their quoto of 3000 dressings but exceeded it by over a hundred dressings.

Those present on Monday were: Mesdames H. B. Ritter, C. S. Beeker, J. D. Scott, A. B. Caudle, Jackson Caviness, J. T. Carruthers, J. D. Whitt, Stanley Bumgarner, Virginia Stone, W. P. Zink, Julian Tate, Lawrence Forrester, E. P. Talley, and Miss Frances Holman and Phoebe Richards.

Those present on Wednesday A.M. were: Mrs E. P. Talley, Mrs. Jackson Caviness, Mrs. W. P. Zink, Misses Eunice Whitt, Juanita Hardy, Lucille Collins, Cleo Ham and Phoebe Richards. Those making dressings on Thursday night were: Mrs. C. S. Beeker, Mrs. J. T. Cobb, Mrs. E. P. Talley, Mrs. J. D. Scott, Mrs. R. C. Goforth, Mrs. J. D. Whitt, and Mrs. L. J. Bumgarner.

Textile Mills Should Plan To Have Post-War Reserves

Problem Requires Attack By Both Government And The Industry Itself

New York, July 30 — The vital problem of providing post-war financial reserves for textile mills must be attacked from two fronts — that of Government and that of industry, states Douglas G. Woolf, editor of Textile World, in the July issue of that publication. Commenting further, he states:

"As texule manufacturers face the post-war world, they become increasingly aware that the solution of all their operating problems —personal relations, research, product development modenization, merchandising—depends primarily upon one factor: money. Without financial reserves, without a cushion, without 'seed money', no management—however brilliant—can measure up to the demands of the next decade.

"Free enterprise cannot survive unless it has an opportunity to accumulate reserves adequate to weather the inevitable storms of inflation and deflation. This problem can be attacked from two fronts: Governmental and industrial.

"On the Governmental side, the need is for a change in our taxation and depreciation policies which will encourage, rather than discourage, honest post-war reserves to protect industry and industial workers. One possibility is allowing companies to set aside post-war reserves which will not be subject to income and excess profits taxation, nor to renegotiation. Another possibility is a revised system of depreciation allowance which will be flexible enough to recognize the rapid obsolescence in many types of equipment, and permit such equipment to be written off during its economic usefulness, even though the period may be a very short one.

"There is much however, that industry can do itself. It can adopt a more realistic attitude toward its reserve funds for modernization. Depreciation reserves have meant to too many textile manufacturers merely a bookkeeping item: a sum representing an allowance under the revenue law. The reserves too often have gone into net quick assets and thence into dividends. Thee is just one safe practice: to earmark such funds for the purpose for which they were intended and to make sure that they eventually serve that purpose.

"Always important, this consideration is particularly vital right now when most reserve funds cannot be used for the replacement of equipment nor for the purchase of new types of equipment. In whatever the number of years that lie ahead before textile manufacturers can modernize their plants to their hearts' desire, the safe maintenance of funds for that ultimate purpose must be watched zealously.

"More than that, it is possible now for a manufacturer to have on paper a post-war plan. Such a plan must, of course, be flexible, with allowances for the many changes which may take place in fibers, machinery and processes. However, the manufacturer can at least get the best judgment of engineering and machinery companies at this particular moment and prepare for the future. He will find that those companies are doing a lot of post-war thinking of their own and that they will be of tremendous help in a realistic approach to this whole problem.

"Now is the time to start preparing for the rainy day."

In Days Gone By

(Taken From Our Files)

10 Years Ago

Mr. Horry, of Print Works, drove the old Horry car to work Tuesday, as the hot weather got into it and made it feel young again.

Misses Myrtle Wilson and Lucille Ashley, of Burlington, spent the week end with Miss Mary Wheeler of White Oak.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Welch and children spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brady at Bennett.

Mr. Gid Vaughn is sticking close to his bees nowadays. He is afraid they'll swarm and he won't be there to swarm with them.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. McKinley Kelly, 47 Maple street, Revolution, a son, William Ray.

George and Jimmie Blackwood visited Mr. and Mrs. I. T. Stout in Revolution this week.

15 Years Ago

Mr. J. M. Seawell and son and Alton Mullis visited the peach orchards, Carthage, Pinehurst and their old home place Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Moreland and family have returned home after spending several days in Norfolk, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Burke and J. M. Trantham motored to Draper, Sunday.

Clyde, the small son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Stanley, who has been ill, is improving nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Rogers of Bessemer, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson of Cypress street.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bowles, July 30th, a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Leonard, on Vine street, Revolution.

Mr. Carl Rich, of Danville, Va., visited his sister, Mrs. E. C. Neighbors at her home on Spruce street Friday.

They Say: . . .

"Personally, I would rather go through hell on my stomach than call a strike now in wartime when our boys on the front lines need all the help we can give them."—Van A. Bittner, former labor organizer.

THE APPRENTICE TRAINING department of a large automotive corporation is conducting a five-year cooperative course in production and university engineering which is available to qualified young men and women.

Rites For Charlie G. Durham Held Yesterday

Funeral rites for Charlie Graham Durham of 1207 Vine street, were conducted yesterday at 4 p.m. at Hanes Chapel by Rev. R. C. Goforth, pastor of Proximity Methodist church. Mr. Durham died at 7:20 p.m. Tuesday at St. Leo's hospital, after an illness of five weeks.

A native of Alamance county, he was the son of the late Joseph and Betty Thompson Durham. Mr. Durham came here from Graham 24 years ago and has been with Proximity mills since then. He is survived by four sisters, Miss Ava Durham, of Parkersburg, W. Va., Mrs. Sarah Garren of Asheville, Mrs. Margaret Marlette, Durham, route 1, and Mrs. Beulah Orahood, Wooste, Ohio, and one brother, C. H. Durham, West Plains, Mo.

Interment was in Forest Lawn cemetery.

Rev. Baby Clinic

The following babies attended Revolution Baby Clinic Wednesday afternoon: Richard Cable, Harold Cable, Sara Cable, Edith Cable, Edward Cable, Jerry Wayne Gordan, Carrie Harris, Dorothy Harris, Jessie Neal Hobbs, Robet Noah, Lois Godfrey, Jean Sams, Judy Sams, Billy Wayne Hammer, Dale Hammer, Brenda Kay Apple, Mollie Lou Apple, Rachel Ann Faircloth, Ann Hilliard, Harlie Melton, Eddie Brewer, Everette Mills, III, Daniel Clak, Maion Rae Rogers, Jessie Leroy Brown, Grace Brown, Martha Brown, Freddie Moore, Sue Ward, Carolyn Ward, Brenda Kay Poole, Linda Faye Fulk, Rudolph Cox, II, Elizabeth Faye Meadows, Kenneth Vaughn, Stephen Vaughn and Kenneth Ritter.

Textile Mill Activity Index Levels Off

For First Time In Over Four Years Rise Is Checked Textile World Index Shows

New York, July 30—For the first time in more than four years, Textile World's index of textile mill activity has levelled off. After four consecutive years of record-breaking perfomance, during which the index advanced from 103 in 1938 to 198 in 1942, this advance has been arrested. On the basic of still incomplete statistics, it appears that textile activity during the first half of this year was approximately the same as that for the first half of 1942, and possibly very slightly lower. The tentative estimate for the 1943 Index is 197 as against 198 in 1942, but this may be revised slightly when complete figures are in. The revision will be likely to be downward rather than upward.

Commenting on this situation, Douglas G. Woolf, editor of Textile World, states:

"There is of course nothing alarming in this picture. Everyone who has followed the events of the last four years has known that there is a limit to everything, including the ability of textile mills to increase their production.

"The decline is negligible; the industry is still going full tilt. Furthermore, for the post-war outlook there is every indication of another bulge to supply Lend-Lease and other demands from a denuded world. However, there is a possibility that between now and then there will be a further, though not serious, falling off in textile mill activity.

"The drop in Textile World's index of textile mill activity during the first half of 1943 as against the corresponding period of last year, was due entirely to the cotton division. In fact, wool and rayon consumption increased slightly. Again, the drop in cotton consumption is due primarily to manpower shortage, and secondarily to the inhibiting effect of price control."

Birth Announcement

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lee Trogden, 2 Vine street, a daughter, Sternet hospital, July 27.

ALMOST ANY FLYING CONditions a pilot might encounter between the Sahara Desert and the North Pole, from sea level to over 50,000 feet altitude, can be experienced in aeronautical "test tubes" on the ground.

White Oak Surgical Dressings Class Meets

There were thirty workers present Tuesday night and 809 dressings made.

Those present were: Mesdames G. Flintom, Lee Clapp, John Starling, R. C. Honeycutt, H. Pennington, M. Leonard, J. O. Wheeler, Jewell Martin, W. K. Ritter, Frank Clark, Eddie Pickard, Hazel Owens, Colon Powers, Frank Weaver, Carrie Stewart, Lena Archer, R. H. Armfield, L. A. McFarland Jr., A. R. Murray, Webster Owens, W. A. Straughan, and Misses Fannie Ivey, Bettie Lou Wheeler, Phronie Blake, Helen Burnside, Alice Varner, Jean Sizemore, Marie, Alma and Louise Hester, Gladys Garner, Charlotte Shearin and Lillian Tilley.

REVOLUTION NEWS ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Barnes and daughter, Claudia, of Reidsville, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moore. Miss Thelma Brande, of Reidsville, spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Moore also.

S. Sgt. Albert Martin, of Camp Robinson, spent several days with his mother, Mrs. N. B. Martin.

Pvt. Junior Ward, of Rhode Island, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ward, on Maple street.

Miss Coline Ward spent the week end with her brother, Coolidge Ward, who is with the U. S. Navy and has been stationed in Norfolk, Va.

Misses Frances Blake and Norma Jean Kelly spent last week with Mrs. Campbell.

Miss Catherine McIntyre, of Charlotte, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Mattie McIntyre, and other relatives on Hubbard street.

Jerry Brady spent the week end at White Lake.

Ann Martindale Wins Again In Tennis Play

Comes Back Strong To Win Easily After A Bad Start

Ann Martindale retained her top ranking in the city's tennis but nobody expected her not to.

She captured the women's singles title of the ranking tournament recently with a 6-4, 6-2 victory over Edna Talton, who had been seeded No. 2. The veteran champion of both city and state had things much her own way after a tough start in which Miss Talton extended the champion with four games won.

But in the second set the champion's experience paved the way for a straight-set victory.

Mixed doubles play continued, although no men's doubles were reported for the week-end. Josephine Whitley and Milton Barber nosed out top-seeded Margaret Galloway and Spencer Love, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, and they meet Miss Talton and R. L. Yow in the semi-finals.

Anti-Aircraft Artillery Played Vital Roll In North Africa

Highly mobile anti-aircraft half-tracks operating in coordination with infantry and field artillery organizations played a vital role in keeping open important stretches of road in Tunisia over which Allied supplies had to go, according to a report made recently to the War Department by Bridadier General Joseph E. Harriman, Anti-Aircraft Brigade Commander of the 2nd Army Corps.

The anti-aircraft units, equipped with M-15, dual-mounted 37-mm. guns, not only provided protection in support of advancing infantry, tank and anti-tank operations, in holding railheads, bridges and roadheads where their curtain of fire held off strafing attacks and higher-flying aircraft, but they were also a potent offensive threat to the enemy. Their activities covered a wide area of combat against all types of enemy aircraft.

On one occasion, General Harriman said, eight half-tracks threw up a cover of fire over supply trains along a considerable stretch of road where the movement had attracted the attention of German Messerschmitts. The movement was uninterrupted and the fire so strong and accurate that the eight half-tracks were able to maintain their own positions along the road, holding the Germans at a respectful distance.

Achieving a two-a-day record average, the anti-aircraft units of the Army Ground Forces fighting in North Africa, accounted for a total of 180 enemy airplanes destroyed or probably destroyed during one peiod of 90 days of the campaign. Of this number 131 were listed as definitely destroyed.

This average is all the more remarkable because according to another observer, "Many of these 131 planes were fast Messerschmitts and Focke Wulfs which are hard targets for any gunners, while others were Ju-88's on reconnaissance and Stuka dive bombers. Whatever the nature of the attack our AA units went into action and fired, and I believe the results justified our methods.

White Oak Locals

Staff Sergeants Bryant Cates and Billy Summers of Camp Stewart, Ga., spent Sunday and Monday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cates and Mr. and Mrs. Will Summers.

Dr. Davis is in his office again after a weeks' illness. His patients and friends are glad to know that he is better.

Miss Minnie Fields is spending her vacation at her home 701 Chestnut street.

Miss Geneva Stone of Sanford is spending two or three weeks with her cousin, Miss Lillian Gray Stone, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Stone, Gordon street.

Raymond Fargis came Sunday from Newport News, Va., to spend a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fargis.

Mr. G. A. Robertson is a patient at St. Leo's hospital.

Mrs. Kenneth King Wyrick, who is working at the Glenn L. Martin company in Baltimore, Md., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry King.

THE TEXTORIAN

Published every week except during Summer Vacation week and Christmas week

H. M. LEONARD - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER

Entered as second-class matter January 28, 1928 at postoffice Greensboro, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879

No communication of any sort or description, whether news or expressions of opinion upon any topic, will be published unless accompanied by real name of writer. The name will not be published unless consent is given.

PROXIMITY PROX. PRINT WORKS — CONE MILLS SERVICE — WHITE OAK REVOLUTION

Greensboro, North Carolina, Friday, July 30, 1943

Rumor Making and Spreading

We read a very timely editorial in the Democrat, Greensboro weekly publication, which dealt with rumors. The editor discussed rumors which were and are being spread in connection with the camp here in Greensboro. He deplored the fact that these rumors were being spread and indicated that they were certainly doing no good.

The rumor factory is still turning out great production, not only about the camp, but about many things, some of which directly concern the readers of The Textorian. Those rumors, like the rumors about the camp, are certainly doing no good. In fact, the opposite is true. The spreading of unconfirmed rumors can hardly benefit any worthwhile cause. We all owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our combined war effort, and we owe it to other people not to help manufacture rumors or to help spread unconfirmed statements. Rumor spreading is capable of becoming very dangerous and is capable of creating gross injustices. Rumor spreading is capable of obscuring true facts and makes it very difficult for correct appraisals of conditions to be had.

We urge all of our readers not to participate in rumor making or rumor spreading and to do what they can to determine true facts when they hear rumors.

The Fall of Mussolini

The fall of Dictator Mussolini and his regime marks the beginning of the end of fascism and its kindred ism, naziism, in Europe. It also further marks definite progress in the direction of peace.

One can only guess as to how long the nazis will fight. That will depend to an appreciable extent on how long it will take the people of Germany to realize that it is to their ultimate benefit to force their leaders to unconditionally surrender now rather than wait until Germany is bombed and shelled into complete submission.

It is very difficult to compare the attitude of the average German with the attitude of the average Italian. From what we have been able to learn, the average Italian was not sold on this war, did not want this war and has been inwardly rebellious towards participation in the war. He has been a part of this war because his supreme dictator so decreed. He has been afraid in the past to express himself because he knew that a terrible fate awaited him if he did so.

That has not been true of Germans. The German people have been educated for a long time to want this war and to prepare to fight this war in order to establish Germany as the master of the world. Their psychology, therefore, has been, and probably still is entirely different from that of the Italian people. For that reason, we will not be surprised if Hitler is not overthrown by internal action as was Mussolini and if the Germans stubbornly fight on for some time to come.

We, therefore, cannot conclude that the war is practically over in Europe and that we can let up, even in part, our war efforts in this country. In fact, our recent developments should encourage us to redouble our efforts so that we can bring ultimate victory to a quicker conclusion now that we have the enemy weakened.

We cannot afford to overlook the fact that, even if we are successful in bringing about an unconditional surrender in Germany in a very short time, we still have a most difficult job ahead of us to completely defeat the Japanese. To do that job will call for at least as much preparation and effort as in the past and probably even greater, for it is not to the best interest of this country or the world at large to let the Japanese war run on for years, as we understand the Japanese anticipate.

OUR DEMOCRACY——by Mat

No Textorian Next Week

Following the usual custom of not publishing the Textorian one week during the summer, there will be no delivery next Friday, August 6. This is done at the request of our printers.

Regular publication will be resumed the following week, and delivery will be made as usual on Friday, August 13.

The President's Speech

The President's speech Wednesday night gave us little additional factual information about the war. He probably couldn't enlighten any more than he did without jeopardizing military strategy.

He did, in no uncertain way, stress the importance of work on the home front by stating that it is inseparable from the fighting fronts. He, in so many words, stated that absences from work prolong the war and leads to the sacrifice of more of our fighting men.

The President also spoke of plans for demobilizing the men in the services. He was not specific so we are unable to pass upon the executive plans. We are, however, in accord with the idea that our men in the service should be given great consideration and should not be permitted to suffer while refinding a place in our after-war economics. In other words, they should be assisted in reestablishing themselves and in becoming self-supporting.

We also heartily agree that those who have or will return wounded or disabled because of the war should be given every consideration.

W. O. Baby Clinic

There were forty-five babies and pre-school children present at the Clinic Wednesday. Fourteen immunizations were given. Those present were: Kay Maness, Jean Southern, Diana Staley, Ruth Wright, Norma Apple, Clarence Pinkleton, Charles Pinkleton, Charles Rhew, Robert Rhew, Judith Trollinger, William Trollinger, Lois Hutchison, Frankie Sue Poe, Richard Coffer, Robert Foust, Jr., Kelly Evans, John Rumley, Robert Stevens, Nellie Cox, Larry Southern, Bonnie Ray Southern, Henry Starling, Richard Pearman, Thelma Vaughan, Nancy Rumley, Jean Gillie, Judy Rumley, Floyd Myrick, Joh nVarner, Jr., Julia Brafford, Brenda Sue Culbreath, Bonnie Fay Southern, Milton Gipson, Shirley Gipson, Edward Wright, Ann Varner, Vivian Varner, Shirley and Ervin Gibson.

Dr. Harder will be back next Wednesday afternoon for last doses of all vaccines which have been given.

EMPLOYED PERSONS IN THE United States in May, 1943, totaled more than the country's population in 1880.

Pause and refresh

...at the familiar red cooler

DRINK Coca-Cola 5¢

Bottled under authority of The Coca-Cola Company by

Why Private Interprise?

A leading industrial spokesman recently declared that: "Unless the tax laws are modified to take into account rehabilitation needs and creation of reserves, then when the war is over there are going to be many distressed plants." The same opinion has been repeated time and again. But the men who have expressed it invariably make one grave mistake. They expect the public to be concerned over "distressed plants," before they hammer home the eternal truth that the public actually has a greater interest in the plants than the owners, for the very simple reason that such plants contribute to private employment, stable prosperity, and are essential to the operation of representative government.

No one cares particularly what happens to industry from the standpoint of industry itself. But, everyone should care immensely what happens to industry once it is clearly understood the part industry—free, private industry—plays in maintaing an economic and political system which guarantees liberty and equal opportunity to the individual citizen.

Private industry is the primary source of jobs. It keeps the door of opportunity open to millions of American citizens. It rewards those who work and produce. It does not interfere with political convictions. As a result, our people are the most independent people in the world. They will retain their independence only if they retain private idustry.

Due to the war, nearly one-fifth of the productive capacity of this country is now owned outright by the government. In plain words, a fifth of industry is already socialized. When the war is over this area of socialism will either expand or be gradually replaced by private ownership. If it is not replaced by private ownership, the American people will eventually lose their freedom. They will work for a single monopolistic employer, the government. A gang of bureaucrats will demand political allegiance as the price of a job.

The public must eventually recognize these truths, just as it must recognize that when a plea is made by a business man in favor of post-war rehabilitation reserves, he is talking about something that involves the future of the nation—not just an industry bank book.

Reading & Writing

by Edwin Seaver & Robin McKown

The wildest flights of fancy of a fiction writer could not have resulted in a more dramatic narrative than the true story told in "Thity Seconds Over Tokyo" by Captain Ted W. Lawson and Robert Considine, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August. This is the story of the bombing of Tokyo as told by a participant in that historic action.

It tells of the ardous and mysterious weeks of training, during which none of the lads who had volunteered were informed of what it was for which they had volunteered. It tells of the restless days on board The Hornet as it journeyed toward Japanese waters, with each man inspecting his plane countless times daily to make sure it was in perfect running condition, and of how eventually the men had to take off four hundred miles further away than had been planned, when The Hornet met up with a Japanese destroy which might have had time to radio a warning to Tokyo before it was sunk.

Most exciting of all are the adventures of Captain Lawson and his crew after their plane had come down, in the dark and rainy night, near the shore of a coast that might or might not be occupied China. All grievously wounded, the men were discovered by

(Continued on Page Four)

A NEW PLASTIC GLUES pieces of metal together more strongly than they can be joined by riveting or spot-welding.

Nationwide Molly Pitcher Tag Day

On August 4th, Molly Pitcher is stepping out of the pages of American history to sell War Bonds and Stamps. The gal who carried water to thirsty soldiers during the blistering Revolutionary Battle of Monmouth and took over her husband's cannon when he was wounded, has long been a symbol of the heroism of American women.

In her honor, brigades of modern Molly Pitchers will take their stands on nation-wide Molly Pitcher Day at street corners, building entrances, and in public places to sell the bonds and stamps that back up our modern fighting men.

A red-white-and-blue Molly Pitcher Tag will be given to everyone who purchases a bond or stamp on that day. Members of the American Legion Auxiliary, and of the Independent Food Distributors Council unit of Molly Pitchers, will aid and augment Women's War Savings Staffs to make up the volunteer sales force. They will use water pitchers to hold their supplies of tags and War Stamps. The slogan on the tags will read "Fill the Pitcher with Bonds and Stamps on Molly Pitcher Day," and the goal of the sales force will be to "tag" the total population.

"Here is another voluntary enthusiast for German labor, Herr Laval....."

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Shampoo and Finger Waves 25up

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See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove

W.N.U. SERVICE

SYNOPSIS

Hargrove relates his conversation with his sergeant who is trying to find out why he spends so much time on KP duty. He also reports on the session the trainees are put through by the exercise sergeant. He has trouble learning how to handle his rifle and is given plenty of special attention by the sergeant and corporal.

CHAPTER III

I tiptoed into the squadroom so that the sergeant wouldn't notice that I was wearing fatigue clothes. His voice rang out to me as I passed his door, and I slunk in guiltily.

The sergeant' s face showed that he was hurt. "You were on KP again today, weren't you, Hargrove?"

I lowered my eyes and scuffed my toe against the floor. "Yes, sir."

"Oh, I get so discouraged sometimes," the sergeant said. "I try so hard to make something of you and what good does it do? Every time I go through the kitchen I see you in there scrubbing the sink! How many times have you been on KP this week?"

"Only three times, sir," I said, avoiding his eyes.

"It was all the corporal's fault, sir," I said, looking around to make sure that the corporal wasn't there to defend himself. "Just because I right-faced a few times when I was supposed to left-face, and I zigged when I should have zagged, and because I forgot and smoked in ranks—and a few other things like that."

"And," said the sergeant shaking his head sadly, "you just turned around casually every time he ordered 'about-face.' And you kept watching your feet all through drill. And you stayed out of step all morning and you took those ployhand strides of yours and walked all over the man in front of you. And you sassed the drillmaster three times. And you generally spoiled the whole morning's drill. Why can't you be a good boy and learn the drills?"

"I don't mean to be bad, sir," I said.

"And that's another thing," the sergeant moaned, "Why must you say 'sir' to the noncommissioned officers and forget to salute the commissioned ones?" He mopped his forehead wearily. "Do you know what the top sergeant told me today?"

"No, sir," I said, twisting my cap and awaiting the worst.

"He said—and don't 'sir' me—that when the battery commander had you on the carpet yesterday you stood there leaning on the table, and you shifted your feet eight times. And you saluted four times during his talk—and when you saluted you gave a European heel-click and bowed. And when the captain dismissed you, you told him, 'Thank you, sergeant' and forgot to salute when you left."

"I remembered it on the way back to the barracks, sir," I explained. "Then I went all the way back to the orderly room and saluted him properly."

"Holy jumping Jehoshaphat," moaned the sergeant.

"Was there anything else, sir?" I asked in a whisper.

"That's all, Hargrove," he said, wiping great drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"Thank you, sir," I said. I saluted, clicking my heels, and turned to go.

"Hargrove," the tired voice said. "You're not supposed to salute a noncommissioned — Never mind, Hargrove. Just go to bed."

* *

"Just look at me," the exercise sergeant roars in a voice that would go four miles against the wind. "Just look! I weight two hundred and eight pounds and I'm in the worst physical condition I've ever been in! I ought to be busted for the way I've allowed myself to get fat and flabby! I'm ashamed!"

You look at the exercise sergeant and wonder what he's leading up to. To you he looks like the "after taking" part of a malted yeast advertisement. He could probably lick his weight in police dogs.

His next statement explains everything. "Now I'm going to show you an exercise that's so simple it's almost ridiculous. Even I can do it. Now, I don't want to hear anybody down there admitting he's in worse shape than I am. If I can do it, you can do it—or else!"

He outlines the exercise and you begin wondering how a contortionist happened to wind up at Fort Bragg. This self-styled "fat and flabby" calisthenics master doesn't have any knees or elbows. You stand there waiting to hear his spine fall apart under the strain, but he comes up all in one piece.

"That's the way I want you boys to do it," he says, beaming cheerfully. You begin to feel your face getting gray and you wonder why a bolt of lightning doesn't come to deliver you from the porspective torture.

"One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. One. Two—"

The first three or four times are the hardest. After that, you get the swing of it. It's really tame stuff, you decide.

"The next exercise," says the sergeant, "is what we call the quarter, half and full knee bend. It goes like this." He shows you. When you see it, the corners of your mouth go up in a sneer of derision (unless the corporal is looking). Ho Hum, you say to yourself. Why do they take up time with this play?

"Exercise—one, two, three four—" Quarter, half, full recover. Your knees get That Tied Feeling after the third time. After the sixth time, you feel your eyes getting glassy. After the ninth, you're floating in space. By the time the exercise is over, nothing matters any more.

A messenger from the battery orderly room mounts the platform and talks for a while to the exercise sergeant. The sergeant's face falls. He turns to the ranks with disappointment written all over his face.

"Sorry to tell you this, boys," he said, "but we'll have to stop here. No more exercise this morning. All play and no work—you know what that means. You have to take your typhoid shots now."

Before you have marched off the field you notice that you still haven't collapsed. In fact, you find to your disappointment that you're beginning to feel good. All limbered up.

Quarantine has been lifted for us of the July 17 contingency. If the sergeant wasn't looking over my shoulder, I'd say it's about time. Before our release from isolation, Army style, I was able to get around and swap lies and gripes with every one of the boys in our group.

A little under 100 per cent of them came up with the same account, which reads as follows: "Our battery has the worst food in the Army. We've got the worst sergeant in the battery. No kidding, though, our platoon makes all the others look crummy. Here two weeks already and I haven't pulled KP or had the sergeant jump me a time yet. Don't tell a soul, but I think they're going to make me a corporal." All of which is a lot of hot air.

Actually, they're fighting to get into the mess hall first at every meal. They're gaining weight and tanning where they used to blister. They're sassing their sergeants, who deplore them as the sorriest bunch of rookies they ever sweated over. Every one of them has been on KP at least once. As for being made corporals in the next few days—ho hum.

* *

By the time Congress says I may go home and be a mere civilian again, I suppose I'll be the best soldier at Fort Bragg. At least I seem to get more individual attention than anyone else. Private tutoring, I always tell the boys.

We were at work the other morning learning how to handle a rifle. The sergeant was putting us through our paces.

"Hargrove," he said with infinite sweetness, "where is the balance of your rifle?"

"This is all the supply sergeant gave me, sir," I said. "I thought it was all here."

The sergeant slapped his forehead and mumbled something furiously under his breath. "Wonder-child," he said, "this (pointing) is the balance of your rifle. I can't imagine why they call it that, unless it's because when you hold the rifle there with one hand, it's balanced." He then went on for a few minutes explaining a few of the things I had still failed to master.

"Now do you understand it?" he asked, beaming at me with a look made of all sweet accord.

"No, sir," I said.

The sergeant sighed wearily. "Private Hargrove," he said, "right down by the next barracks there's a group of young people who are practicing with rifles for the first time. They haven't had theirs for three days like you have. Run along down there and see if you can keep up with them."

I tried. There was some confusion about the orders, however. At the end of a movement where I wound up with my rifle on my left shoulder, the rest of the detail had theirs on the right. I noticed also that I usually finished a command long before the others.

The sergeant in charge of the detail commenced on this. "You know, Shorty," he said, "you have all of these routines worked out much better than the War Department was able to do them. Where it took them sixteen counts to complete the sixteen-count manual, you always manage somehow to complete it in twelve."

I was still blushing modestly when he called the corporal over. He said something to the corporal, who took me by the elbow and guided me gently around the building at a spot where, he said, the battery officers wouldn't see me drilling and thereby be discouraged.

"This," he said, prououncing each syllable slowly and distinctly, "is what we have come to call a rifle. R-i-f-l-e. It is used for the purpose of shooting. Primitive man, we are told, did not have a rifle. Primitive man was forced to bring down his supper with a knife, a spear, a stone, a bow and arrow or his own little primitive hands."

I nodded automatically and paid scant attention to all this. I already knew it.

"Today," he continued, "civilization has been improved upon to the extent that—" and he went on and on. After that we began at the beginning of the manual of arms and took each command slowly. The corporal sweated for forty-five minutes.

"Are there any questions now, Private Hargrove?"

I thought for a while. "Yes, sir," I said. "That is, 'yes, corporal.' What use will I have for a rifle? I'm going to be a cook."

The corporal mopped his brow. "Well, Private Hargrove," he said, patting me lovingly on the shoulder, "you're find use for it. Ha! ha! In the first place, you can peel potatoes with a bayonet. And in the second place—if you're as good a cook as you are a soldier—you'll need it every day. After breakfast, lunch, and supper you'll need it to protect yourself from murder at the hands of your comrades in ams."

* *

"See here, Private Hargrove," the sergeant sighed. "Can't you try just once to do something right? Don't you want to be a credit to the platoon? You don't want us to be the worst bunch in the battery after we've been the best for so long, do you?"

"Please, sergeant," I begged him, "couldn't I just stay inside for this once? They'd never miss me at rifle inspection. I'd be very quiet and nobody would ever know.."

He ignored the request. "Try hard to remember, private, these few simple things. When the officer reaches the man next to you, open the rifle. When he grabs your gun, don't hang onto it or you'll have a bellyache for two weeks. When he throws it back to you, don't catch it with your chin. And when you get it back, snap the trigger. And heaven help you if you ball this thing up!"

The forces of Destiny placed me second in the front rank at inspection. We stood at attention for three minutes before the inspecting officer approached. A second after we brought our rifles up for inspection, a fly which seemed to be a little larger than a June bug landed on my forehead. The sergeant shot a warning glance across my bow and I decided to humor the fly. It would go away soon, I told myself, although I knew it wouldn't.

The inspecting officer still had not begun his rounds. He was waiting for us to get off our guard. The fly demonstrated its impatience by stepping up to double-quick in its pacing. "Oh, if I only had you alone!" I thought. The itching nose became more insistent. A gnat made a three-point landing on it and began playing about the left nostril.

I gave the sergeant a glance which said distinctly, "This can't go on much longer. Something going to pop!" His return glance said, in italicized words, "But just one eyelash and I'll break your neck!"

Suddenly the inspecting officer grabbed the rifle from the hand of Grafenstein, who stood beside me. His lightning swoop on the gun, coupled with the speed with which Grafenstein relinquished it, completely paralyzed me. An almost inaudible groan made me look at the sergeant. He was making furious grimaces at me and his face looked as if he was going to burst a blood vessel. He kept wagging his eyes down to the bolt of my rifle. A split second, before the officer reached me, I managed to pull the bolt.

I could see the sergeant unloading freight carloads of potatoes for me to peel. I could see the next weekend, with me restricted to quarters while the rest of the platoon enjoyed themselves in town.

The officer reached me several lifetimes later. He looked at my face and sighed wearily. Then, with infinite tenderness, he gently lifted the rifle from my grasp. He inspected it and handed it back to me as though he was laying a brick on an orchid or giving a hundred-pound weight to his aged grandmother. He sighed again and passed on to the next man, whose rifle he grabbed with the confidence that the man wouldn't fall apart when he snatched it.

(Chapter IV next issue)

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Almost everyone likes a mystery—almost everyone enjoys the thrilling excitement of tracking down a criminal with an ace detective. But some are a little ashamed to admit reading mysteries. Well — you needn't be.

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1 Lima beans, onion and corn. Cauliflower, onion, peas and carrots Salsify, mushrooms, carrots and onion. Turnips, leeks, carrots and celery These combinations are very nice baked in a white sauce.

2. Thin mayonnaise with a *small amount* of boiling water, then add finely chopped parsley and a bit of onion juice. For variety, thin with either plain milk, evaporated milk, or buttermilk.

3. For a few points you can purchase a tin of corned beef. Mix with chopped raw potatoes and onions for hash. Cook in a heavy skillet, covered, over a medium gas flame, turning flame higher at the last to brown the hash. Serve with a cooked vegetable, a green salad and a dessert.

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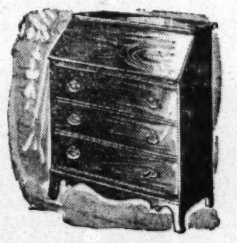

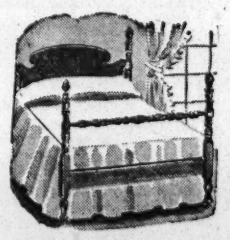

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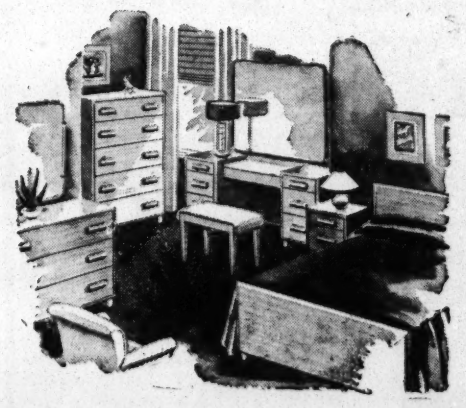

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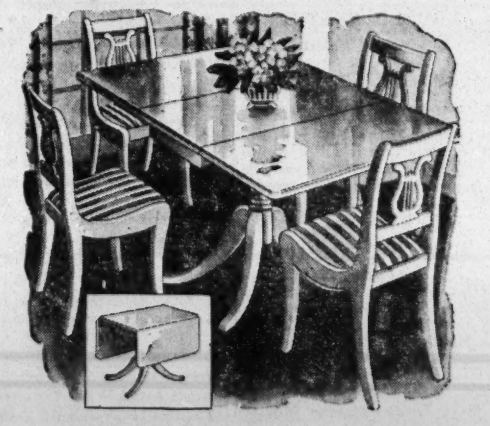

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You'll always be glad you bought this table. It has so many practical uses in the home.

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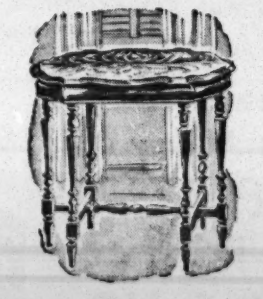

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CANNING? – TRY THESE RECIPES

Canned Okra

Young and tender okra pods may be canned whole, this makes a very attractive pack if you are fortunate enough to have it about the same length. If you can do it whole leave the caps on the pods.

Wash and select the okra. Precook the okra for three minutes in boiling water. Remove from the water and pack it lengthwise in pint jars. Add 1-2 teaspoon salt, fill to 1-2 inch of the top with boiling water. Seal according to the type of top which you have. Process in water bath (counting time after the water is boiling) for three hours.

If the okra is different lengths you would probably prefer to cut the okra. If you do, then follow this method:

Pre-cook the okra in boiling water for three minutes. Drain off the hot water. When cool enough to handle, cut the okra crossways in half in slices. Pack into jars, add the 1-2 teaspoon of salt to each pint, fill with boiling water to 1-2 inch of the top of the jar. Seal according to the type of jar top which you are using. Process in water (counting time after it begins boiling) for three hours. Always have the water bath one inch deeper than the jars.

Tomato Catsup

1 peck ripe tomatoes
2 medium sized onions
1-4 t. cayenne pepper
2 cups cider vinegar
1 1-2 tblsp. broken stick cinnamon
1 tblsp. white cloves
3 cloves of garlic finely chopped
1 tblsp. paprika
2 1-2 teasp. salt
1 cup sugar.

Wash and slice tomatoes and boil about 15 minutes or until soft. Into another kettle slice the onions. Cover with a small quantity of water and cook until tender. Run the tomatoes and onions through a sieve. To this mixture add the cayenne pepper. Boil this until it has reduced to about 1-2 the original volume. Place the vinegar in an enamel pan, add the spices which have been tied in a little bag. Allow this to simmer for 30 minutes, then bring to a boil, cover the pan and remove from the fire.

Combine the tomato mixture (which has been reduced to half) with the vinegar mixture, which should be about 1 1-4 cups. Add the paprika, sugar and salt. Boil rapidly until the desired catsup consistency is reached. This should require about 10 minutes. Pour while boiling hot into sterilized jars and seal.

Chow-Chow

There is no standard for this product, almost any mixture of vegetables preserved in a pickling solution might be qualified to be classed under this name. The following may serve as a suggestion:

All vegetables are chopped or run through a food chopper, the medium sized chopper will give a satisfactory size.

1 qt. green tomatoes
1-2 cup green sweet peppers
1-2 cup onions
1 1-2 cups sugar
1 qt. green cucumbers
1 qt. cabbage
1 1-2 qt. cider vinegar
1 1-2 cups sugar

2 tblsp. each of the following spices: Celery seed, mustard seed, all spice, broken cloves and broken cinnamon bark.

The chopped vegetables are covered with a solution made of 1-4 cup salt to each quart water. (It is wiser to allow this to stand in an enamel vessel) And allowed to stand overnight. Drain off the salt water next morning.

Tie the cloves, cinnamon and all spice in a thin muslin bag. Summer the spice bag in the vinegar for 20 minutes. Remove the spice bag. Add enough water to restore the amount of vinegar lost in the simmering process.

Add the celery seed, mustard seed and vegetables to the vinegar and boil until the vegetables are tender about 15 or 20 minutes. Add the sugar and boil for two or three minutes. Pack the hot mixture in sterilized jars, seal at once.

Nancy Powers Feted On 9th Birthday

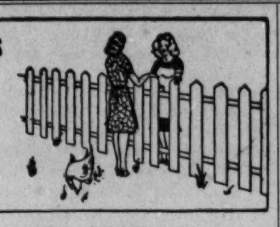
Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Powers entertained at their home, 2311 Maple street, Revolution, Saturday, July 17, in honor of their daughter, Nancy Ann. The occasion was Nancy's 9th birthday.

Games were played, after which refreshments were served to the following invited guests: Shirley Branson, Janet Ray, Billy Hammer, Dale Hammer, Roger Martin, Barbara Ann Sams, Mary Jane Sams, Barbara Newton, Pattie Sue Apple, Patsy King, Carolyn Apple, Sue King, Doris Seagraves, Rose Seagraves, Bettie Yow, Judy Yow Donnie Dennis, Arnold Ingold, Darrel Harris, Larry Harris, Wayne Martin, Mrs. Joe White, Mrs. W. D. Hendrix, and Mr. G. A. Canter.

The honoree received many lovely gifts.

THIS BUSINESS OF Living

BY SUSAN THAYER



Let's Discover America Again!

This is the year to discover America. Not the America that lies hundreds of miles away which you want to visit sometime. That can wait until there's room in the trains and buses for sightseers once more, and all the gasoline you want with no questions asked.

This year discover the America that lies right around you. When the time for your husband's vacation comes, hunt up some of the many interesting things that are right in your own home community. Perhaps there's a museum in your city that you haven't visited for years, or at least a display by the local historical society which your children have never seen or haven't seen often enough. This is the summer to take them to see such things and to tell in detail the stories of the various articles shown.

Maybe there's some famous landmark near you which in ordinary years people came from miles away to visit. This is the time to see it yourselves. And there's probably some lovely little lake, some stream, some hill you've always meant to show your children. Go there this summer by bicycle or bus if it's too far to walk.

Finally, what about the books about your state, as well as those about the nation, that you've meant to read and haven't? This is the year to find what America really means; why it was founded; how it grew; and why it is, as Lincoln once said, "man's last best hope on earth."

The United States of America is far from perfect, as a glance at any day's newspaper headlines will tell you. Yet here man's age-old hope of freedom, of well-being, of plenty has come nearest to being realized. And here, if we continue to cling to our traditional freedoms, we can progress still further toward the ideal state. For the United States is rich, powerful, efficient, with an industrial system capable of meeting all of her needs, provided that it will be allowed to function once more after the war without handicaps or red tape.

Above all the United States is idealistic, with great dreams in her heart. Dreams which can inspire us today just as they inspired our forefathers who wrote her constitution, who fought for her independence, who pushed her frontiers westward in record time. In the great books that have been written about America, you can find these dreams, and, when you do, you will discover the real America and know why she is worth living as well as dying for!

Mote Cloth

by Picker

A certain fellow we know is back in the hospital, having taken a sudden turn for the nurse.

* * *

"Did you ever taste moonshine whiskey?"

"Certainly not," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Anybody who can't swallow fast enough to keep from tastin' it has no business tryin' to drink it."

* * *

A bishop attended a banquet and a clumsy waiter dropped a plate of hot soup in his lap. The clergyman glanced around with a look of agony and exclaimed:

"Will some layman please say something appropriate?"

* * *

We wonder if Mussolini will have any further need for his balcony where he's going.

* * *

Sonny: "Daddy, what is a bigamist?"
Daddy: "A darn fool who makes the same mistake twice, son."

* * *

Mussolini proclaimed months ago that it was a crime against the country "to tremble in public". Reckon he's gone off now to do his in private.

* * *

"See here, waiter, there's an insect on this plate."

"Well, sir, if it ain't! Wonder if that could be one of them vitamen bees we read so much about."

* * *

Before the fall of Manila a Jap officer, harrassed by a marine sharpshooter on top of a steep hill, dispatched his entire platoon to knock off the leatherneck. Shortly, the platoon returned, minus several men and also minus the marine.

"Why have you come back?" the officer demanded.

"So sorry," spoke up a Jap non com, "but there were two marines."

* * *

The cook, Nora, had announced her engagement to a frequenter at the kitchen, named Mike. But a year passed and nothing was heard of the nuptials. So, one day the mistress inquired:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"

"Indade, an' it's niver at all, I'm thinkin', mum," the cook answered sadly. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' he won't marry me when he's sober."

Reading & Writing

(Continued from Page Two)

eight Chinese who escorted them to a thatched-roof house where they spent the night. From there, coolies bearing stretchers took them to a guerilla camp, and from there they were taken by stretcher, by sedan chair and by boat, with new groups of coolies waiting to escort them at each stage of the journey. "I had the feeling," writes Lawson, "that all of China was reaching out a hand to help us; that in some inscrutable way the word had been passed from heart to heart; that behind each impassive mask the secret of what we had done on the raid fairly sizzled."

Eventually they reached a hospital run by English missionaries, and there they stayed until they were well enough to be sent back to America.

Captain Lawson lost his leg as a result of his injuries. When his wife Ellen heard of this, she wired him in Washington: "I am coming just as soon as I can. When I see you, I will do my best to control my tears. But should there be any, please don't misinterpret them. They will be tears of happiness and joy that you got back at all."

* *

During the terrific battle of Stalingrad, the Red Army was free from the greatest terror of besieged soldiers, hunger and thirst, relates James E. Brown in "Russia Fights." This was due in main part to the heroic work of the boatmen who ferried supplies across the Volga at night. These boatmen were picturesque characters; they made a living in peacetime fishing on the river. Long before the siege began, an American correspondent asked one of them if he knew the "Song of the Volga Boatman." "Never-heard of it." was the answer. The American hummed it for him, but the boatman looked blank. He said he had been going up and down the river for forty years and never heard anyone singing it. The famous Volga chant seemed as unknown there as some alleged Negro songs were on the Mississippi.

THEY DIE BY TWO'S AND THREE'S

Fire losses for the nation during the first five months of this year are estimated at $163,660,000, an increase of $15,578,000 over the same period in 1942.

When anything less than a billion dollars is small potatoes, many people will scarcely notice these figures—unless they happen to be among those unfortunate souls whose property contributed to the ghastly total. And make no mistake, ghastly is the only word that adequately describes the gigantic and wholly unnecessary fire waste in the United States. What is more ghastly than the waste itself is the fact that the country accepts the wiping out of several hundred millions of dollars worth of homes, factories and farms as a routine annual occurrence. The still more ghastly fact of 10,000 lives going up in smoke with costly property, is also callously taken for granted. A man, a woman, a child here and there; they die by two's and three's in the ashes of a nation's carelessness.

Occasionally public complacency is ruffled by horrors, such as the Boston night club tragedy. Then agencies like the National Board of Fire Underwriters can get temporary cooperation to put in force fire prevention measures which public lethargy has long blocked.

And so, slowly through the decades, the science of fire prevention has moved ahead. Steady progress in fire prevention depends upon continuous public education. Individuals must learn to recognize common fire hazards and fear them sufficiently to remove them. Full and effective fire prevention is impossible otherwise.

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